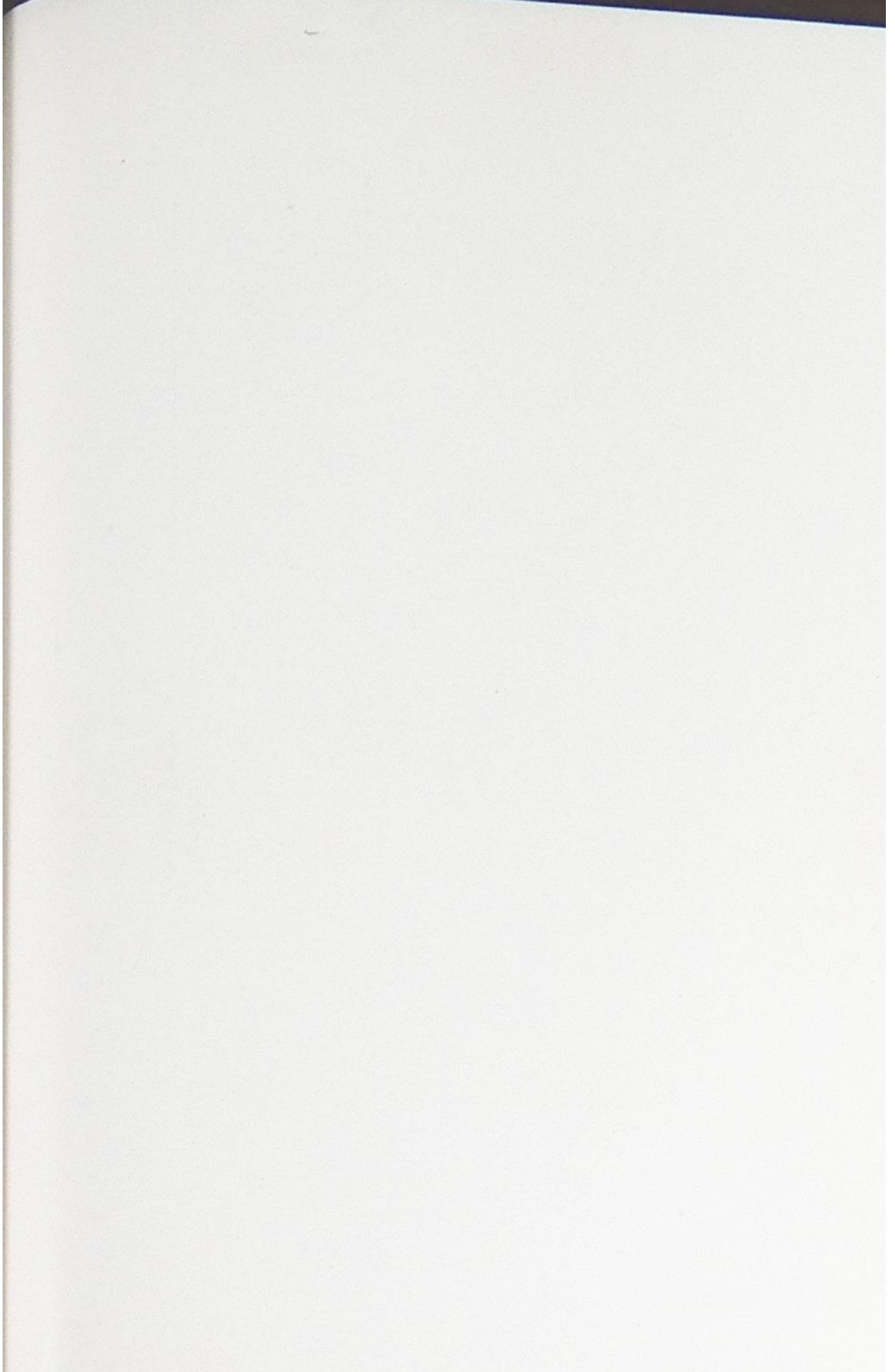


The
Frances Shimer
Quarterly

June, 1911

Mount Carroll, Illinois





WILLIAM H. HOGG AND FAMILY, WESTWOOD, N.J.
Mrs. Hogg is a member of the class of '07 of the Francis Skinner School.

The Frances Shimer Quarterly

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN MARCH, JUNE, OCTOBER, AND JANUARY

VOLUME III Mount Carroll, Illinois, JUNE, 1911 NUMBER 2

Board of Editors, 1910-1911

JEANNE BOYD, College, Editor-in-Chief
JULIA SWORD, College
WINIFRED SEEGER, '11

RUTH BAUME, '13
ELDONNA JOHNSON, '12
CAROLYN GREEN, '14

Subscription rates 50 cents a year; single copies 15 cents.
Address all communications to the *Frances Shimer Quarterly*.

Exercises in Connection with Commencement

- May 29—2 p.m. Field Day. Relay races, etc. 25c.
May 29—8 p.m. Piano Recital, Musical Course, Jeanne M. Boyd, free.
- June 4—3 p.m. The Sermon before the graduating class of the junior college and academy, by Dean William P. McKee, School Auditorium, on "Finding One's Place."
- June 5—Monday. 10 a.m. Meeting of the Educational Aid Association, Room 6, West Hall. 3-5 p.m. Domestic Science Reception, Dearborn Hall. Art Reception, Studio, West Hall. 8 p.m. Conservatory Concert, free.
- June 6—Tuesday. Re-union Day. 12 o'clock noon. Luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, Lincoln, Neb., to class of 1871, and other early students. 3 p.m. Business session Old Students' Association, Auditorium. 5 p.m. Luncheon on the lawn. 8 p.m. Vocal Recital under the auspices of the Old Students' Association by Maud Fenlon Bollman, 50c.
- June 7—Wednesday. 10 a.m. Meeting of Board of Trustees of School, Dean's office. 2 p.m. Class Day Exercises. 8 p.m. Commencement exercises, address by Rev. Frank E. R. Miller, Galesburg, Ill. Subject: "The Fatal Infirmity of Force."

Why a Boarding-School?

The question, "Shall I enter a girls' boarding-school or attend a public high school?" is one which comes to the average girl of academic age. She carefully weighs the subject, considers the sacrifices on the one hand with the pleasures on the other, and finally refers the matter to her parents for their careful thought. If her parents be not prejudiced either one way or the other, they will find time for wise consideration of the matter. "Why send her away?" they argue. "Here at home we can be with her at all times; counsel her in moments of indecision; help her in the selection of her friends; assist her with her lessons, and save her—it may be—from performing many tasks distasteful to her."

But these things are exactly what a girl does not need. Wise as the parents may be in their judgments, their indulgence frequently is misguided, and their daughter becomes a person unable to think for herself. A good boarding-school offers a solution to the problem of how to make her a strong-minded, strong-bodied girl. Boarding-school is an excellent teacher for a girl who, having followed the usual round of society's gaieties, has neglected both health and studies. It is an excellent teacher for any girl who has been petted and spoiled from babyhood, for the healthy school spirit and sturdy democracy usually prevalent in an institution of this class tend to remove the slightest suspicion of snobbishness.

A girl in boarding-school becomes capable of adapting herself to any and every condition. She is only one among many. The rules that apply to her neighbor—in the next room—or to her own room-mate, apply to her as well. These rules are fixed; they are founded—the greater number of them—on many years' experiences in dealing with girls. Since the rules are unalterable, it is the girl herself who must be adapted to them. Thus the spoiled girl finds herself forming habits of strict punctuality at meals, recitations, and recreation. She becomes unquestioningly obedient to her teachers, and learns to discharge her duties faithfully—no matter how disagreeable they may be—or take the consequences for her neglect or carelessness. Thus it may be seen that a boarding-school assumes a more serious attitude toward character-building than does a public high school. Important as is the scholastic development of a girl's education, it is the by-products of that education which count the most. She must be trained morally and physically, as well as mentally.

There are the daily chapel exercises at which attendance is compulsory. Here the girl is taught to spend a few moments each day at her devotions. She must attend church every Sunday—unless excused on account of illness—and remain for the Sabbath school. Sunday evening finds her present at the school vesper service, and the silent hour of the afternoon becomes a period of quiet restfulness. Thus the girl is taught to observe her Sundays. A Young Women's Christian Association serves also to maintain the religious element, and the mid-week prayer services and mission-study classes of the Association are a source of inspiration and religious instruction.

The boarding-school is conducive to good health. The girl spends the

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

greater part of her recreation periods out-of-doors, walking, playing golf or tennis, or exercising in other sports. She is encouraged to be athletic—to run, to jump, to play hockey or basket-ball. A trained physical director prevents her carrying her exercises to excess, and the school time-schedule keeps her from remaining too long in the field. Indeed, the very regularity with which everything about the place is done—regular hours for rising, eating, studying, walking, playing, and retiring—cannot fail to improve her physically.

The word "school" implies studies, and while the boarding-school is developing the moral element in a girl by its daily chapel exercises and its rules and regulations, and the physical element by the regular hours and out-of-door exercises, the scholastic element is by no means neglected. If the school chosen be one of serious educational purpose—and almost all of them are—instead of a commercial venture, it will have a well-trained faculty, excellent library, and well-equipped laboratories. The attainment of sound scholarship is the primary aim of a good school. The instructors are of the best, in regard to both teaching ability and character. Their previous records are set forth in the school catalogue, so that anyone desiring to do so may investigate their records, not only in the schools in which they have received their scholastic training, but also in those in which they have served as instructors in former years.

In the school curriculum are found certain required studies which are essential to every girl's education. Since it is not the desire of the school to have a pupil leave unprepared for life, such studies as are necessary for her future life must be taken. Other branches are elective, so that the girl is allowed to exercise her choice in regard to a large part of her work. Moreover, the girl at boarding-school has plenty of time for her work. The school is able to control the time of its pupils. They are taught concentration and proper use of the most important part of their day—the hours spent on the preparation of their lessons. They have no opportunities for neglecting lessons for mid-week dinners, dances, or theater parties, for distractions of that sort are unknown in the quiet restfulness of the school. They cannot shirk classes at will or on any slight pretext, and illness is the only real excuse for absence. In fact, a girl in boarding-school is responsible to her teachers for every moment of her time.

Boarding-school, however, is not all work. The good times are more enjoyable because of the knowledge of having lessons well prepared, and having earned a recreation. There are the jolly Hallowe'en masquerades for which one plans weeks ahead and invents wonderful creations to be used as costumes; the Saturday evening spreads or fudge-making; the various exciting meetings with their hurry and bustle, and not a little "important business" attendant upon the planning for a dance or party. There are the picnics and sleigh rides, color rushes, class dinners and entertainments—and last, the "Proms" of the different classes. Last! did I say? No, not last; there are the hundred and one little pranks which girls play that are never mentioned in the school calendar. These are the things that make boarding-school life more than enjoyable.

Should a girl go to boarding-school? Need the question be asked?

Should a girl become improved in every way? Should she become healthy and strong, and able physically to take her place in the world? Should she become accomplished aesthetically as well as educationally? Should she acquire the lesson of recognizing the good in others and adapting herself to her surroundings? If so, she should become a member of a boarding-school family.

JULIA SWORD, '12 (College)

When Dolly Dean Bought her Spring Hat

Dolly Dean was always the first in the crowd to start a fad. She could wear extreme things beautifully. She was always the first to wear a fall coat, and the first to don a spring hat; in fact, everyone in the village depended on Dolly to know when it was time to buy her fall and spring clothes. When the first sunshiny day in March dawned, Dolly knew that that was the day for her to buy her spring hat.

There had been a few straw creations in the millinery window for several days, but on account of wind and snow the pedestrians did not stop, or as much as look into the window, being anxious to reach shelter. Dolly, however, took in at a single glance the contents of the window, as the wind whirled her around the corner on her way home from school. Reaching home, she sat by the grate fire, and dreamed about the new spring styles.

The sun came out, the snow melted, and Dolly went uptown to buy her hat, and I had the pleasure of accompanying her. We went first to Mrs. Harlington's. Mrs. Harlington always tells her customers they look "perfectly adorable" in a hat that would be more becoming to their great-aunt, or youngest sister, than to them. Dolly never minded that, however. She knew in what she looked best.

We had just stepped into the millinery store when Dolly walked right over to a glass case and brought forth a tiny black hat with a bit of coral velvet and a feather on it. She put it on, shifted it to a more desirable angle, then removing it, asked to see what else they had. Mrs. Harlington bustled around with a beaming face. She brought out large hats turned up in front and decked with flowers, tiny helmet-shaped hats on which were jaunty bright green or coral velvet buckles, hats turned up all the way around, and hats turned down all the way around. Dolly tried them on, passing her opinion on each hat. One hat she refused to try on, saying, "Oh dear, that is turned up just like that hideous red beaver hat of Molly May's; take it away." She viewed all the hats critically, then replaced her fur toque, and, picking up her purse and gloves, said very sweetly, "I'll be in again." We girls envied Dolly's decided little ways. We generally took a hat we didn't like, not knowing how to get out of Mrs. Harlington's store without taking anything.

After we had visited the other millinery stores, where Dolly tried on all the possible hats, she suggested that we go to Bolte's and have some hot chocolate. I thought, of course, that she had not found a hat to suit her, and would probably, in a few days, take a trip to the city where she could find a better assortment. She said very little while we were drinking

our chocolate. I knew she was thinking about hats, but I didn't dare ask her what she intended to do. We never asked Dolly questions like that. We always just had to wait and see.

When we had finished our chocolate she said, "Will you go back to Mrs. Harlington's with me? I am going to take the first hat I tried on. I always take the first hat I try on." We hurried over to Mrs. Harlington's. The hat was placed in a hat-bag and we were soon on our way home. Dolly did not say a thing about her hat all the way. It was already a thing of the past for her. She was probably thinking about her dress for the June "hop."

That night there was a play at the opera house. Dolly wore her new hat. The rest of us girls wore scarfs. The next day after school Helen, Mary, Josephine, Miriam, and I all stopped at Mrs. Harlington's to try on hats.

LAURA WOLZ, '11

The Eighteenth-Century English Girl

In the works of nearly all of the eighteenth-century writers, reference is made to woman's inferiority. Swift, Pope, and Addison never seemed to tire of satirizing her failings, Pope even going so far as to make fun of Queen Anne. The minds of women were thought incapable of any deeper thought than the latest gossip, parties, and fashions. Politics and learning were thought far too heavy for their limited understanding. Indeed, the higher education of women met with such disfavor that Lady Mary Montagu observed in her letters that no one was more liable to universal ridicule than the learned woman.

The proper pursuits of women were held to be embroidery, dancing, drawing, and music, and it was generally supposed that these were followed in a careless, superficial way. Girls were thought to study only such things as would aid them after their entrance into society. The idea that anyone could study from a love for knowledge was inconceivable.

It is true that there were many girls whose frivolity justified these opinions, but a few writers and long-forgotten journals make it evident that in the country at least were many whose lives were not aimless. Side by side with Olivia, the frivolous girl, Goldsmith in his *Vicar of Wakefield* portrays Sophia, the studious girl. Fanny Burney's *Evelina* delights us even now with her excellent sense. Sophia and *Evelina*, rather than Olivia, seem to me typical eighteenth-century English girls, and their pursuits seem to have been as worthy as ours.

The embroidery and dancing, spoken of as mere social accomplishments, really demanded much skill. A girl's education was considered incomplete until she had mastered every kind of needlework. The few pieces surviving from that time represent a skill acquired only by many hours of patient work. The dancing, if we may judge by the minuet, was anything but easy to learn.

Art and music were studied quite as carefully as now, and under far greater difficulties. In England art had received new impulse and interest

from the work of Hogarth and Reynolds. This new interest could not but encourage to greater effort the girls who studied art.

The knowledge of music was at least widespread, for as early as 1666 Mr. Pepys writes in his account of the Great Fire that nearly every boat which carried household goods away from the fire contained a pair of virginals. By the middle of the eighteenth century the weak-toned virginal had given place to the deeper and sweeter-toned harpsichord. In nearly every novel of the period we are told how well the heroine played on the harpsichord. Bach had already written his famous "Inventions" and Händel his gay little "Gavottes" and long "Fugues." The fact that this music, considered now by most people as unendurably tiresome, was nowhere better received than in England, is a strong proof of the English girls' studiousness and application. Their appreciation of music was equal to that of girls of the present day. Evelina wrote that she enjoyed the opera more than anything else that London could offer.

The literature which they enjoyed was not so trivial as we are sometimes led to suppose. It is true that the long-drawn-out heroic tragedies, so popular in the seventeenth century, were still much read, but they were gradually giving way to the new romantic works. The *Spectator* papers were enjoyed quite as much at the ladies' tea-tables as at the men's coffee-houses. The classics were not neglected either. More than one girl tells of the intense interest with which she read Virgil and of her enjoyment of his descriptions of country life and Nature.

But it was not in books alone that these girls enjoyed the study of Nature. In that revival of a love for Nature, which affected the later eighteenth-century poets, they, too, shared. With them gardening was a favorite pursuit and we are now glad to imitate their quaint, charming effects. The stiff, conventional garden lost all favor soon after Pope's death, and in her letters Evelina mourns that the gardens of Vauxhall are too formal and artificial looking.

Although the country girl had many advantages in education, she sometimes found life rather dull, and longed to live in the city, which was described as being very wonderful. If, like Evelina, she had the opportunity to visit London, she felt that all her earthly desires were fulfilled. The glamour and beauty of city life delighted her, but the boldness and ill-manners of even the nobles displeased her so much more, that she was glad to return to her simple, innocent country life. For, although London was indifferent to religion, the country districts and hamlets of England were as religious as ever.

From the study of eighteenth-century fiction it seems that the frivolous Clarissa Harlowe type of girl was dominant only in the city. In the country a more serious type prevailed. As generous and lovely a character as any in fiction is Evelina, and it is very probable that her model was in real life fully as charming.

JULIA BRITAIN, '12 (College)

The Bosom Fly

For several days all had been confusion in the home of the Martins, and why shouldn't it be so, for wasn't the Reverend Ellis Hawes coming? Ever since the eventful day when Mrs. Martin had received the letter announcing his coming excitement had reigned supreme. Not a meal had passed but that Bob and Norton, aged respectively seven and five, had been carefully drilled in etiquette. "Now, dear, can't you drink anything without spilling half of it?" and "Norton, don't you remember what Mother told you about breaking your bread before you butter it?" had become familiar phrases. Now, there were only two more meals before this august personage would arrive. Mrs. Martin had not seen him since she was a child, and she had alarmed the family by saying that even then he was very dignified. Mr. Martin looked forward to his coming with a feeling not akin to joy, and inwardly resolved to hide every deck of cards in the house. Mrs. Martin was anxious to see him, yet she secretly wished that he would postpone his visit until her household was better regulated than at present, for she had just engaged the services of a very stupid Irish maid, who, in the few days she had been with them, had done everything from upsetting the vinegar cruet to serving butter in salt cellars.

It was now dinner-time and Mrs. Martin was admonishing the children for about the fiftieth time to enter the dining-room quietly. They were just seated when Mrs. Martin exclaimed, "Oh, Henry!"

"What is it, dear?"

"Don't you know that we will have to ask the blessing while Cousin Ellis is here?"

"Now, Mary, look here! I've done a good many things lately contrary to my usual habits, but I'll be switched if I'll ask the blessing. Why, I don't even know one."

"Oh, Papa, I know a blessin', 'Matthew, Mark, John, and Luke, bless this everlastin' soup.'"

"Why, my child, who could have taught you such a naughty thing?"

"Oh, Buddy Smith taught me that one, but I know a better one than that there—"

"Bob, I don't want to have to speak to you again."

"But, Henry, you simply must say the blessing—"

"Well, Mary, if you expect me to pore over the *Students' Hand Book* all after—"

"Oh, Henry, we will let *him* ask the blessing. Why didn't I think of that before? Why, it will be only his rightful honor, as our guest."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, my dear, 'Render unto Caesar, the things that are Caesar's.'"

"Oh, Pa, I know a poem about Caesar, 'Julius Caesar was a wise old geezer, but he froze off his feet in an ice-cream freezer.'"

"Bob, dear, you must not repeat things like that."

"Oh, Ma, Norton knows a song he's goner sing for Cousin Ellis when he comes, don't you, Norton?"

"Yep, but I ain't goner sing it now."

"Children, do be quiet—Bob, your father just told you not to hold your glass with both hands; are you going to obey him? Now tomorrow when your Cousin Ellis comes I don't want to have to reprove you for grabbing things before they are passed to you. Yes, Henry, I am through; let us go upstairs, for I want you to take that picture called the 'Betrothal Kiss' out of Cousin Ellis' room and replace it by 'Sir Galahad,' and, by the way, dear, I wish you would take all of the *Theatre* magazines and *Pucks* off the library table, and get out *Collier's* or *Hayser's* and lay them there."

"Yes, darling, isn't there something else I might do before our beloved cousin arrives?"

"No, Henry, except to tell Kate to put the boys to bed at eight tonight, as I want them to be fresh tomorrow."

"Yes, dear, I am sure they will be fresh all right; you needn't worry about that."

Clad in stiffly starched blouses with blue Windsor ties at their necks, the two boys sat on the veranda awaiting the arrival of the Reverend Ellis Hawes. Soon a soberly clad figure was seen approaching, and just as he entered the gate the screen door was pushed open and Mrs. Martin came out to greet him. The formalities of reception and introduction over, he was shown to his room, and Mrs. Martin breathed a sigh of relief as she entered the dining-room to give the finishing touches to the table.

At twelve-thirty the family, with their guest of honor, stood around the table and, after a few words of thanksgiving by the Reverend Hawes, took their seats.

"Did you learn yours when you were young?" asked Bob.

"Were you addressing me, young man?" the minister asked in a grave tone.

"Yep, I say, did you learn yours when you were young?"

"Learn what, my son?"

"Why, the blessing, of course, and I'm not your son eith—"

"Bob, dear," from his mother, "tell Cousin Ellis about your pretty little kitty."

"Ain't got no more little kitty; Buddy Smith soaked him on the head and he had a fit. Gee! I wish you coulder seen him, Cousin Ellis, he looked so funny."

"Henry, I believe Kate forgot to put the pepper on the table; she is so forgetful."

"Oh, Mama, guess what Kate said?"

"What did she say, dear?"

"She said Cousin Ellis looked like a long black stick of licorice."

"Norton, tell Cousin Ellis what you learned at kindergarten."

"Never learned nothin' 'cept that poem 'bout Julius Caesar, but I'll say that if you want me—"

"No, Norton, you need not say that. Oh, Cousin Ellis, don't you think it is hard to keep a child from evil influences in the city? Especially if he goes to public school. Now I send the boys to Sunday school every—"

"Oh, Ma, may I sing a song for Cousin Ellis? I learned it at Sunday school."

Mrs. Martin, thinking that at last her boys were going to reflect credit upon her, informed him that after lunch he might sing for Cousin Ellis.

Luncheon over, the family retired to the sitting-room and Bob again requested his mother to let him sing the song which he had learned at Sunday school.

"Yes, dear, you may sing it now. Stand out in the middle of the floor, clasp your hands, and then tell Cousin Ellis the name of the song."

"B'lieve I've forgot the name."

"Let me see, was it, 'I want to be an angel'?"

"No'm."

"Was it, 'Jesus wants me for a sunbeam'?"

"No'm."

"Was it, 'Will there be any stars in my crown'?"

"No'm."

"Was it—"

"Oh, I know what 'tis. It's the 'Bosom Fly.'"

"The what?"

"The Bosom Fly."

"Why, Bob, I never heard of such a— all right, go on and sing it."

And when Bob, in a voice which would not have reflected credit upon a screech owl, began the well-known hymn, "Jesus lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly," his mother, casting aside all restraint, forgetful even of Cousin Ellis, not only smiled but shook with laughter. When she did look at Cousin Ellis, she saw him wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, and she was not mistaken when she believed him to be concealing a smile.

That night, after the children and Cousin Ellis had retired, Mrs. Martin, in the privacy of her own room, tearfully confessed to her husband that she knew Cousin Ellis was just "shocked to death," while Cousin Ellis in his own room, striving to control his laughter, was saying over and over again "Bosom fly," "long black stick of licorice," "Julius Caesar."

SOPHIA POOL, '13

The New Girl

The corridor was lined with trunks of all sizes and shapes, boxes, too, and bits of tissue paper, and string covered the irregular aisle between the trunks. Girls, apparently as busy as could be, were seen now and then darting in and out of the rooms, but occasionally finding time to greet an old friend or chat for a while with their new neighbors.

This is the lonely time for the new girl who has not any dozens of old friends whom she is "crazy to see," and who does not care about all the pretty new things her room-mate has gotten while she has been at home, and is too lonesome to mind in the least where she rooms or with whom. She has forgotten entirely that the poor little girl next door is lonely, too, and others farther down the corridor are thinking and feeling just as she does. The big tears will come and the lump in her throat does not seem to want to go away. Before she knows it she is sobbing out her bitter grief to the bare walls of her little bedroom.

That, however, is only the beginning of her trials. When dinner time comes she feels lonelier than ever. All the girls have friends with whom to go downstairs where they all stand in the corridor to meet others coming from the different halls. How the new girl feels when she hears her name whispered as she passes along, and when she is stood up in front of a group of laughing, questioning, joking girls and cross-questioned about where she came from, how she likes to go away to school, the courses she expects to pursue, before she has had time even to do anything but be sorry that she came! The first meal is the hardest, of course, for she is unaccustomed to the ways of boarding-school life. As she knows no one and nobody seems to care to know her, she is glad to be left alone for a while after her trying experience in the hall. After dinner is over comes the long, lonely study hour, but that is even better than having strange faces always looking at her, for she can crawl into bed and safely cry herself to sleep, or write long letters to mother and father and all at home, telling them her troubles, thereby relieving herself. Thus the new girl usually spends her first evening.

Day after day she dreads boarding-school a trifle less. A week passes and then suddenly an announcement is made that her room-mate is coming. She is a popular, jolly, "old" girl who soon makes things all straight. So the new girl, becoming interested in her new life, soon forgets those lonely days at the beginning of the term.

MARGARET CREAGER, '14

Cramming

"Oh, dear me! here it is Wednesday and those old 'exams' begin tomorrow. I don't know one thing about any of them. I know I never shall pass my history test. I shall simply have to get up early tomorrow to study." Wednesday evening I studied geometry as hard as I knew how. When the nine o'clock bell rang I didn't move, but scowled at that paper of questions until nine-thirty, when I reluctantly turned out the light and undressed in the dark. I stumbled over chairs and bed, all the while proving geometry problems.

I fell asleep as soon as my head reached the pillow, but Oh, such a time as I had! "If a secant is parallel to the bases of a trapezoid and bisects one of the non-parallel sides, then it bisects the other also and is equal to one-half the sum of the bases.

"Given: the trapezoid ABCD in which $AE=ED$ and $EF \parallel AB$."

Now, what was I to prove? I tried all night to think of the proof for that theorem, and about four o'clock awoke with a start. I jumped out of bed and turned on the light, but no light came, so I went back to bed and to sleep, still trying to prove that theorem. The light came on at five o'clock and about five-thirty I awoke. This was the fatal day. Geometry and English both in one day! "Oh! when this day is over I shall be so happy!" I thought. My room-mate slept peacefully on. I wrapped myself in blankets and coats, and sat down to study, but soon found my head nodding. I sat there awhile looking at the book and then went back to bed, just for a minute, to get warm, I thought.

My minutes were pretty long, for I stayed in bed for half an hour, all the time thinking that I ought to get up. But, Oh! the room was so cold and I was so sleepy. About six-fifteen I made another attempt. As I was quite wide awake now, I sat down and studied hard for ten minutes. Then the rising bell rang and that meant dress for breakfast or be late, and then what would happen?

After breakfast I rushed home, cleaned the room, and sat down to study. "Doris, may I take your knife?" "Yes, here it is." About two minutes had elapsed when someone knocked and one of the girls came in. She left in a minute and I had gotten nicely started on a theorem when someone called, "Doris, it's time to go." I packed up my things and went to that terrible examination which, after all, was not so terrible.

DORIS LEACH, '13

Spring Fever

How good the warm, moist earth felt to ten little toes freed from their leather prison after the long winter! How warm and delightful was the air and how inviting the singing brook!

The pains in Tommy's head grew unbearably acute as nine o'clock drew near. He didn't want to study. He didn't want to go to school. In fact, come to think about it, he didn't want to do anything but fish.

"Tommy! Oh, Tommy!" came the harsh voice of his mother.

"Land sakes! it does take that boy a long time to move." Then, lifting her voice, she once more shrilly cried, "Tommy, you get your books and hurry; you'll be late as it is. Do you hear me?"

"All right, ma," Tommy responded with a deep sigh.

Tommy grabbed his dog-eared 'rithmetic and started through the woods to the old schoolhouse. How his feet dragged! He just couldn't go to school. The birds called to him not to go and the brook seemed so "chuck full" of fish. The temptation was too much. In a second his book was hidden in a hollow tree and his knife was out. He began quickly to shape and fashion a long willow rod. From his pocket he pulled forth the usual tangle of fish hooks, nails, marbles, twine, and—yes, even a very sticky, dirty piece of molasses candy. In less time than it takes to tell about it Tommy was lying flat in the grass, fishing. So happy and contented was he that he just wiggled his toes and dug them farther into the brown earth. Thoughts of school flew from Tommy's head as he lay quietly enjoying, in every fiber of his being, this stolen pleasure. The fish didn't bite very well, but who cared? The sun was warm and there were no lessons to get. Why shouldn't one be supremely happy while he had the chance? True, evening would bring a punishment if his mother found out, but Tommy had counted the cost and didn't care.

When tired of fishing, he wandered through the woods, peering into nests to see if there were any eggs. The little squirrel came out on the boughs and chattered and scolded, but Tommy only laughed aloud in his glee. A tiny chipmunk hurried into its hole as Tommy rustled through the decaying leaves. Toward dusk he found his book and wandered homeward with a peculiar hollow feeling in his middle regions.

"Tommy, come here this minute," greeted him as he strolled through the gate.

"Have you been at school today?"

"Well—no-t exactly."

"Where have you been? Answer me."

"I been in the woods."

"Fishing, I suppose?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well. You may have a bowl of bread and milk and go to bed at once."

"All right."

Bread and milk isn't very satisfying when one can smell good fried potatoes, but Tommy, thinking of the hard lessons that he had escaped, of the blue sky, and the sun and the birds and the singing brook that he had enjoyed, slipped into dreamland, only to visit more wonderful regions where birds talked and squirrels scolded in earnest.

My Impression

When I came to America my surprises were not the huge Rocky Mountains, large Mississippi prairies, tall people, big cattle, large stores and factories, because I knew about them already by reading or hearing; but there were many things that seemed queer to me.

There are many American missionaries and school teachers in Japan and I had often met them and heard their conversation. Most of them were well educated and were people of exemplary life, so my idea was that the Americans were all wealthy, well educated, nice people.

When we were on the steamship, crossing the Pacific Ocean, just after the ship had left the harbor of Yokohama, two Americans, a father and his boy about fifteen years of age, appeared in ragged clothes. They had hidden themselves in the smoking-room, because they were so very poor that they could not pay their passage money. The officers did not know at first how to punish them, but finally gave them some labor to perform until they landed. Since I landed in this country I have met and noticed many wretched people like them.

When first I attended the Chicago public school, my teacher said, "My name is Miss Kelly." The pupils called their teacher "Miss Kelly." Those words seemed to me very funny and impolite, because, according to the custom in my own country, nobody ever uses the title "Miss" or "Mrs." when she says her own name. The Japanese school teachers are called by the title of "Sensei" (teacher) by the pupils. If I should teach one of the Japanese schools, the pupils would call me "Nobuhara Sensei."

The teachers and children used to call me by my first name, "Mihoye." In Japan the children call each other by their first names with the title "San" (Miss); for instance, "Mihoye San." But when the children get a little older, when they attend high school or college, they call each other by the last name in stead of the first; for example, "Nobuhara San."

In Japan the titles are used for absolutely everybody, even by the par-

ents in speaking to their children, and among sisters and brothers, except that the very low classes of people, who are uneducated, call their younger relatives by their first names without the title. There is another exception—the servants and maids are called without the title by the families in which they work. Sometimes the title "Sama" is used instead of "San"; it is a more polite word than "San." "Chan" is used instead of "San" for the little children.

Thus, there are quite a good many differences between these two languages. But since I have spent more than two years in the United States, English is becoming very familiar to me.

MIHOYE NOBUHARA

When Peggy Writes a Poem

Peggy sat in the quiet library, chewing the end of her pencil. It was the second time Peggy had been required to write a poem for English III; she had done it the first time—but that is another story. Her eyes sought the ceiling for inspiration, rested for a moment upon the large placards, "Hora ad taciturnitatem datur," then gazed through the windows, where she could see the snow still lying in scattered patches in the hollows of the campus. Her other poem had been about snow, she remembered, and she smiled. A soft wind came in at the open window, and blew Peggy's soft curly hair about her face; she pushed it back impatiently, and sighed. She wondered if the library possessed a rhyming dictionary. Probably not, but Peggy had what Carlyle called "the seeing eye." She tore off a piece of her writing pad, and wrote, "What rhymes with 'prairie'? Please pass on." As each girl about the long table received the note, she smiled, scribbled a word, and passed it on to her neighbor. At last the slip returned: "merry, contrary, dairy, wary, stary." Peggy put a cross before each word that seemed possible, and wrote desperately for a few minutes. Her neighbor, who was watching in mild amusement, whispered, "See her genius burn!" The tapping of the librarian's pencil restored quiet, as Peggy again circulated the slip of paper, "What rhymes with 'room-mate'? Thank you very much." The answers returned, and nodding her thanks, Peggy was again lost in thought. Just as the bell tinkled, calling to the English recitation, Miss Margaret held this up in triumph:

My Room-Mate

My room-mate's from the Golden West—
 A South Dakota prairie.
 Of all the girls, I love her best,
 For she's not a bit contrary.
 Her hair is brown, her eyes are blue,
 She's plainly dressed, but up-to-date,
 I love this maid, sincere and true,
 For she's my dear room-mate.

WINIFRED SEEGER, '11

The Wreck of the "Sheridan"

Everybody was happy at the thought of being home again after the excessive heat of the Islands. We were on the U.S. transport "Sheridan" on our way to the United States from the Philippines, after two years and a half spent on one of the hottest islands. We were due to reach Honolulu the next day and already were beginning to feel that we were almost home, for it does not take much more than a week to sail from Honolulu to America. We were all very much excited because we had not seen land since we left Nagasaki ten days before.

After having gone to bed that night anticipating a day on shore, I slept soundly for some time, when suddenly I was thrown violently from my berth onto the floor of my stateroom. For a minute I was too dazed to comprehend what had happened, but the noise and confusion soon brought me to my senses. The sound of breaking glass and splintering wood was in my ears and the ship rolled so heavily that I could scarcely stand. Each time she rolled she made a grating noise, which was caused by the reef on which she had struck. Having hurriedly donned as many clothes as I could find I made my way on deck, where there was an excited group of passengers in every state of *déshabillé*, all asking questions of each other concerning the wreck and our danger. The boat was making frantic efforts to get off the reef and the water all about us was churned white by the swiftly revolving propeller. Suddenly, almost as soon as I had reached the deck, there was a dull explosion, after which all the lights went out. Luckily it was bright moonlight, so bright, in fact, that one could distinguish almost everything about us. Soon after the explosion steam began to pour from all the portholes and companion-ways and through the cracks in the deck. At once the news was quickly passed from mouth to mouth that the main steam pipe had burst, and that now all further efforts to get off would prove fruitless. Everybody realized how serious a thing the breaking of this pipe was and waited to see what might happen next. Driven by the hot steam, all the rats and mice on the ship were running to and fro in terror, trying vainly to find a dark corner or hole.

It was now about three o'clock and we had struck at sixteen minutes after two o'clock. Some of the sailors were setting off sky-rockets as a signal of distress but, no answer coming, we were sitting in darkness (the moon having disappeared), not knowing how great our danger really was. The ship had now settled over on one side and lay perfectly still save for an occasional heavy roll. We spent the rest of the night sitting about the deck telling stories and waiting for daybreak. About half-past four an attempt was made to lower some small lifeboats, so that the sailors could row to shore and from there send word to Honolulu, but as soon as one was lowered it was dashed to pieces on the side of the ship. After several vain attempts the project was given up and we again resumed our waiting. At half-past six a small tug came and made fruitless efforts to pull us off the reef, but finally departed, leaving us as we had been before. Investigation had brought to light the fact that there were in the hold thirty feet of water which had come in through the hole made by the reef.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

All that day we spent wandering aimlessly about the decks, playing games, and reading. Late in the afternoon a small passenger steamer, the "Helena," came as near to us as she could without striking the reef herself. We were transferred to her with no little excitement and confusion by means of small lifeboats, the water now being calm enough for them to be launched. We were taken at once to Honolulu, where we remained for three weeks at the Moana Hotel until the U.S. transport "Sherman" arrived to take us from there to San Francisco.

HESTER NOLAN, '13

Recitals

The Music Faculty of the school gave two enjoyable Sunday recitals on the afternoons of February 26 and April 23. Violin, vocal, and piano numbers were rendered by Miss Dunn, Miss Howard, and Miss Knight.

Two pupils' recitals, by the Music and Expression Departments, were given March 20 and May 1. The fact that the pupils taking part were, in general, undergraduates, made the recitals none the less pleasing. Some good work was done.

The graduates in Piano, Voice, and Expression will give their recitals during the month of May. They are Vesta Martin, Piano; Winifred Seeger, Expression; Laura Wolz, Voice; Elva Willard, Piano; and Jeanne Boyd, Piano, Medal Recital.

Fay Kersey and Florence Engelbrecht gave a piano recital April 10. The program consisted of two groups of solos and three two-piano numbers. As the girls are both talented, the recital was enjoyed by all.

A Voice and Piano Recital was given February 20 by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Garst and Miss Blanche Strong, assisted by Mrs. Madge Myers Hyslop. Their program was greatly appreciated by the large audience. Mrs. Garst, Miss Strong, and Mrs. Hyslop have all been connected with the School in its earlier years, as teachers and students.

Emil Liebling gave his second recital of the school year, January 27. As usual, he delighted his audience with many beautiful numbers. He was assisted by the Music Faculty of the school.

His third and last recital of the year will be given May 12.

On Monday evening, April 17, the Glee Club gave a splendid program including numbers by Mendelssohn, Wagner, Schumann, and other well-known composers. In the singing of the club there was evidence of serious work and decided progress since the concert given earlier in the year. Miss Maloney and Mr. Hissem each contributed solos. Special mention should be made of the work of the double quartette. Their voices blended beautifully, and the ensemble was very effective. A large audience listened with appreciation to the entire program, which was given in a most creditable manner.

The annual recital of the Expression Department was given April 26 in the form of a comedy, *A Rose o' Plymouthtown*. Scenery and costumes and an entire equipment of stage accessories helped in the fine effect the students produced.

A Rose o' Plymouthtown is a clever comedy of Pilgrim times. The

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

principal character, Rose de la Noye, requires a blending of witchery and strength that is difficult to locate in one person, but Miss Louise Martin filled the part beautifully. Mary Seaman, as Garret Foster, made a capital and just about irresistible lover. She will be remembered for rather unique gifts in this line, having played Captain Jack in *The Rivals* a year ago. Captain Miles Standish was impersonated by Winifred Seeger in very good understanding of the part. The rather difficult part of John Margeson was taken by Charlotte Comerford, and the fact that Margeson was cordially disliked by the entire audience reflects Miss Comerford's skill. Such is the design of the play. The love-making of Phillippe de la Noye (Dorothy Wright) and Miriam Chillingsley (Irene Grant) was well conceived, forming a second romance, making the plot doubly interesting. Arlene Hausen as Barbara Standish won high approval, and Elizabeth Sjöholm as Resolute Story was amusing and diverting.

The Frances Shimer orchestra is an innovation this year which we hope to see continued. Naturally, the novelty of two girls playing cornet and trombone attracted large interest, but their work was very well done.

The Vocal Students' Entertainment

Miss Howard entertained the vocal students and the double quartette on April 8, in her studio at Dearborn Hall. An informal recital was given by some of the pupils. Miss Barnes gave several readings and Miss Howard sang. Later, light refreshments were served and the Virginia reel was danced.

Lectures

Franklin Mathews of the *New York Sun* lectured, January 16, upon the subject, "Around the World with the Atlantic Fleet." As he was one of the reporters with the fleet on its memorable trip, he made the lecture, which was illustrated by stereopticon views, doubly interesting by recounting personal experiences.

Professor Jerome Hall Raymond of Knox College, Galesburg, gave two very interesting lectures, February 10 and March 10. The one was upon "Athens: the Revival of Hellenism"; the other upon "Rome: The Renaissance of Self-Government."

On April 14 Mrs. Raymond gave a lecture on "Tolstoi," which was very delightful and instructive. She had visited Tolstoi at his estate, and the vividness of her description of the place and the intimacy of her knowledge of his ideas and personality were no doubt heightened by this personal contact.

We had the good fortune to hear ex-Governor Hanley of Indiana on February 22, in an informal talk upon "Making Dreams Come True." He presented a great many new ideas and views of life which had not occurred to many of us.

During the chapel hour, February 22, Dean McKee gave a talk upon "Washington, the Man." He emphasized the fact that Washington, although

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

a hero, still possessed the qualities and characteristics of a man. This was a contrast to the usual speech about Washington and was extremely interesting.

Henry Lawrence Southwick, president of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston, will read Stephen Phillips' "Herod," May 15.

Chapel Diversion

January 6	Victoria Gavotte RUTH BAUME	<i>Mattei</i>
January 13	Criticism of Lamb's Essays IVY CALDWELL	
January 27	You and I If I Built a World for You HELEN ERBE	<i>Liza Lehmann</i>
February 3	The Vision Beautiful ELIZABETH SJOHOLM	<i>Longfellow</i>
February 10	Cradle Song LILLIAN WHITMORE	<i>Kjerulf</i>
February 17	Three Themes on Milton's Shorter Poems Read by MARGARET GAGE Nature in Milton's Shorter Poems KATHRYN GARRETTSON Flowers in Milton's Shorter Poems DONNA JOHNSON Comparison of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" MARGARET GAGE	
February 24	The Dream Maker Man A Disappointment BIRMAH SKINNER	<i>Nevin</i> <i>Hood</i>
March 3	Scene from <i>Merchant of Venice</i> MARY SEAMAN	
March 10	Menuet LUCILE NAY	<i>Beaumont</i>
March 17	A Study of Child Life LAURA WOLZ	
March 24	A Necklace of Love Lullaby DELLA ASCHENBRENNER	<i>Nevin</i> <i>Dennée</i>
April 7	Little Sister IRENE GRANT	<i>Roy Rolfe Gilson</i>
April 14	March Mignonne FLORENCE ENGELBRECHT	<i>Poldini</i>
April 21	A Letter from the Prioress to the Mother Superior of Her Home Monastery IONA BICKELHAUPT	

F. F. S. Diversion Club

The Senior, a farce modeled after the old morality plays, was given by the Diversion Club, February 18. The part of "The Senior" was taken by Ivy Caldwell, and the different phases of school life were very well brought out by the other characters, "School-spirit," "Clan," "Crowd," "Crushes," "Flunks," "Athletics," and little "Good-Grades."

The Pumpkin Case was given by the Diversion Club on March 11. It was a humorous court case in which the part of the Judge was taken by Vesta Grimes. The lawyer for the defendant was Hazel Cooper, and the attorney for the plaintiff, Marie Hakes, both of whom took their parts very well. The witnesses, consisting of a doctor and several farmers, seemed to have many different versions of the case. The jury was composed of representatives of all different classes of people. After some very good arguments had been put forth by both sides, the case was decided in favor of the defendant.

On this same evening *Carrots*, a play translated from the French, was given by the Diversion Club. There were but four characters in this play. These four, however, showed great ability in acting. Winifred Seeger took the part of "Carrots," or Francis Lepic; Mary Seaman was Mr. Lepic; Mabel Felkner, Mrs. Lepic; and Jessie Whittlesey, Annette Perru, the maid.

Junior College Notes

The girls of College Hall have presented the School with curtains for the parlor of College Hall.

The College class gave a Valentine party on the Saturday night before Valentine Day. It is needless to say that everyone had the best kind of a time. Ann Grimes has been appointed marshal for this year.

Senior Class Notes

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight.

Thus were the invitations worded by which the Sophomores were bidden to Hathaway parlor on February 11. At seven-thirty the little maidens appeared, escorted by their nurses, who brought a slipper along "in case the children should get tired and cross before bed time." However, the children behaved very well (excepting a few childish squabbles) and enjoyed playing their games—"button-button," puzzles, and others. The room was decorated with red hearts, one large heart over the fireplace serving as a target in an archery contest. At precisely nine o'clock the nurses took home their little charges, who lisped forth their thanks for a delightful evening.

The Seniors are grieved to learn of the bereavement of one of the members of the class—Harriet Wills—whose brother died recently. The class extends its deepest sympathy.

Miss Knight has several times entertained the class informally. These jolly evenings spent together will long be remembered by the Senior girls.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

On the evening of February 25 when the guests, including the faculty, trustees, and friends, were assembled in College Hall, the orchestra began to play, and down the broad stairway came a line of ladies and gentlemen of the eighteenth century. At the foot of the stairs stood two of the Seniors with the red and white programs, which they gave to each couple as they came down the stairs. The special features of the evening, the Sophomore extra, a Virginia reel, the Senior extra, a carnation shower, were thoroughly enjoyed. After the fifth dance, the refreshments, orange ice and cakes, were served, and the nine-thirty bell rang all too soon.

Junior Class Notes

The Junior class entertained its counselor, Miss Payne, with a pretty luncheon Monday afternoon, February 20. The table, decorated with the class flowers, yellow roses, was set for twenty. After the luncheon there were dancing and "stunts" in the drawing-room to make the afternoon pass quickly. The guest of honor was enthusiastic in her praises of the cooks in the Junior class.

In response to clever invitations in the form of immigrant bundles tied in miniature bandana handkerchiefs hung on orange-wood sticks, the Freshman immigrants from all countries landed in College Hall, February 12. They were met at the door by Inspectors Green and Payne, armed with pop-guns in the shape of policemen's clubs, who put them through a rigid examination before allowing them to enter the room called America. When everyone had been duly admitted, a program by the "newcomers" was given, after which the immigrants repaired to the "KAF" where chicken salad, sandwiches, ice, cake, and coffee were served. After this everyone was told to "work the mines" for tin money hidden around the room, with which they bid for articles sold at auction.

At nine-thirty the immigrants went to their respective homes well pleased with the reception they had received in America.

Sophomore Class Notes

We love the emerald hue,

But we're not green, through and through.

So the Sophomores might have sung after the St. Patrick's Day party which they gave to the school. The color scheme of green and white (the Sophomore colors) was carried out in every detail. The music for the evening was furnished by Mrs. Connell and Arthur Lang, of Mt. Carroll. The good cheer of the hostesses was thoroughly Irish, so that all their guests had a delightful time.

At seven-thirty, the Sophomores, with their faces concealed by a mask and bonnet and dressed backward, received their guests—the Seniors—on the second floor of College Hall. Each Sophomore took a Senior and together they walked backward down the stairs, at the bottom of which the receiving line said "Good-bye" and "So sorry you have to leave." Games played backward were rewarded by prizes, distributed backward. At refresh-

ment time the Seniors looked anxious when candy was passed, but cheered up when chicken salad and sandwiches were served, and fairly beamed when strawberry ice cream and chocolate cake was finally brought in.

The Sophomore class entertained their counselor, Miss Bowman, on March 4, at a five-course dinner, served in College Hall. The dining-room was lighted by candles, and in the center of the table was a beautiful bunch of white roses, the class flower, which were afterward presented to Miss Bowman.

Freshman Class Notes

In College Hall, Monday afternoon, March 13, the Freshmen entertained their counselor, Miss Green. A magazine, beginning with a Harrison Fisher cover and containing numerous stories, poems, and advertisements, was presented by means of living pictures given by the girls. Later a luncheon of salad, sandwiches, ice, and cake were served in the dining-room.

In Dearborn Hall, Saturday evening, April 15, the Freshmen gave an Easter party for the Juniors. The walls were covered with pennants and the stairs made comfortable and attractive with rugs and pillows. After an egg-hunt the girls were sent upstairs to buy their refreshments, using the candy eggs for money. A "County Treasurer" took care that all were well supplied with "egg-currency," and the lunch counters were well patronized. When the guests departed each was given a little "Easter-egg man" as a favor.

Washington's Birthday

The holiday spirit was in the air as early as six-thirty on the morning of Washington's Birthday and a lovelier day could not have been possible. Promptly at eleven-fifteen books were put away for the day, and the "Academy family" assembled in the chapel to hear again the always interesting story of the Father of our country. Although the talk was upon an old and familiar subject, the Dean, as usual, made many new points which gave us food for thought. We had always heard that "George never told a lie," but the Dean presented this subject in a new way, throwing a new light upon it. He showed us that while George Washington was, perhaps, our noblest and greatest citizen, he had human weaknesses and was far from being perfect. After singing "America" and our own beloved school song we hurried home to array ourselves in holiday clothes and then go to dinner, where we enjoyed the significant "cherry pie." After dinner little groups could be seen scattered here and there over the campus, taking advantage of the day to "snap" kodak pictures. Later came the basket-ball game, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all, if one might judge from the amount of "rooting." Both "Reds" and "Blues" played a splendid game, but the "Reds" proved to be the lucky team. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in walking and dancing, and when again study-hour came all agreed that Washington's Birthday had been a "grand" holiday.

IVY I. CALDWELL

Y.W.C.A. Notes

Mr. Martin S. Bryant, secretary of the Baptist Forward Movement, spent several days with us in January. He led the weekly prayer service and organized a mission-study class. The class, consisting of ten girls, is now studying "The Knights of the Labarum," under the leadership of Miss Dunn. One afternoon an informal tea was given for Mr. Bryant by the members of the association.

The "sales" have been kept up throughout the winter and spring terms and have been a source of pleasure to the girls and a source of income to the treasury.

The circulating letter of the Y.W.C.A. in this part of the state has come to us, and we are pleased to hear what other associations are doing. This is an excellent way to keep in touch with other school organizations.

Last month the president of the Y.W.C.A. invited the Cabinet girls to tea and asked each one to bring her sewing and ten cents. Then each of the Cabinet girls is to entertain a certain number of the Association girls, each of whom is to bring ten cents. As each hostess pays her own small expenses, the money that is collected will be clear gain for the Association treasury.

Some time during the first of May the election of officers for the coming year will be held. There is material from which a good strong cabinet may be chosen.

A picture of Hoffman's "Christ" has been presented to the Association rooms by Charlotte Comerford.

The Y.W.C.A. has been instrumental in securing President Henry Lawrence Southwick of Boston for May 15. Mr. Southwick will recite Stephen Phillips' "Herod."

Field Day

Instead of the usual play, the Fifth Diversion Club entertainment, May 29, will be an "outdoor meet." Plans are not yet completed, but so far it promises to be a success. The girls are becoming interested, and, although few days have been given to practice, some very good work has been done, especially in the standing and running high jumps and broad jump, sixty- and eighty-yard dashes, hurdles, and shot-put.

Basket-Ball

The impossibility of playing golf or tennis during the winter increased the interest shown in basket-ball until it became the most popular sport. After many days of practice, the girls were divided into two teams—the "Reds" and the "Blues"—for the game on Washington's Birthday. At the last moment, after many changes had been made, several of the girls found themselves really playing against their own team, but in spite of this drawback every girl played her best, and a good game resulted in a victory for the "Reds." The "Blues" were good losers, showing their "gameness" by entertaining the victorious team a few days later.

Frances Shimer Honor Roll

1910 December—April 1911

COLLEGE HALL, Sixteen Rooms:

Misses Wolz, Davis, Newcome, Eva Roberts, Brittain, Willard, Vesta Grimes, Ella Jones, Merritt, Cooper, Dorothy Creager, Boyd, Marie Hakes, Ann Grimes, Berlin, Seeger, Garretson, Caldwell, Norma Jones, Earhart, Holden, Rollins, Whitmore, Felkner, Fuller, Nona Hakes, Hayden, Frances Roberts, Gage, Lovald.

WEST HALL, Eight Rooms:

Misses Olaison, Whittlesy, Griffin, Elliott, Grau, Spaulding, Hirsch, Martin, Stiefel, Levy, Percival, Threshie, Nobuhara.

HATHAWAY HALL, Nine Rooms:

Misses Weld, Hansen, Erbe, Nay, Sjöholm, Young, Leach, Joslin, Martin, Holbert, Pitzele, Morelock, Skinner, Hester Nolan, Blanche Nolan, Green, Pool.

Exchanges

It has always seemed the custom, in exchange columns, to acknowledge at least the receipt of the different papers. We have noticed, in looking over our exchanges for the past three months, that only three papers have the *Quarterly* on their list of exchanges. We realize that we are a *Quarterly*, and that we do not issue one copy every month, but we have an exchange list and mail our four copies a year to every paper on that list. Of course, all papers do not print the name of every exchange they receive. That is because they do not print a *list* of exchanges. But how about it, you others that do? Doesn't the *Quarterly* reach you regularly? How can we know? The three papers particularly mentioned above are the *Ferry Hall Almanack*, the *Willard School Triangle*, and the *Midway* of the University High School. We thank you.

We acknowledge the following exchanges received during the months of February, March, and April: *The Almanack*, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.; the *Triangle*, Emma Willard School, Troy, N.Y.; *Wayland Greetings*, Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wis.; *The Picayune*, Minnesota College, Minneapolis, Minn.; *The Tradesman*, High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.; *The Breeze*, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.; *The Mount Holyoke*, South Hadley, Mass.; *The Picket*, Shepherd College, Shepherdstown, W.Va.; *The Wellesley Magazine*, Wellesley, Mass.; *The Jabberwock*, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.; *Lake Erie Record*, Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio; *The School Reporter*, University Elementary School, Chicago, Ill.; *The Midway*, University High School, Chicago, Ill.; *The Rustler*, Fremont High School, Fremont, Neb.; *The Western Oxford*, Western College, Oxford, Ohio; *The Young Eagle*, Saint Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis.

We wish to call the attention of our own students and others to the editorials in the *Ferry Hall Almanack*. They appear each month and are very praiseworthy and clever. The poems of the paper are clever, too. We print one for the benefit of our girls.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

SLAVE SONG

Mail man, pale man, man with the bag of mail,
Do you bring me a letter, or must my hopes quite fail?
Or only a paper or postal, to spare my heart a wail?
Oh man, slow man, do I thus wait in vain?
Have you no check or a greenback, to comfort me in my pain?
For I am a maiden away at school, and my pocket-book needs
a gain!

"The Rising Hour" in *The Triangle* is an exceptionally clever parody on "The Children's Hour," by Longfellow.

Calendar

THE CAUSE

A Freshman there was, and she was gay,
(Even as you and I)

For she heard a *Quarterly* staff girl say,
That, in the *Quarterly* issue for May,
Would appear an account for every day;
(But the Freshman heaved a sigh.)

A Sophomore there was, whose chief delight,
(Even as you and I)
Was to play a joke, either crude or bright,
At any time of the day or night;
(Now, this was a chance for them all to write,
But the Sophomore said, "Not I!")

A Junior there was, who said with glee,
(Even as you and I)
"I've some jokes to hand in for the *Quarterly*,
On Senior, and Soph, and Freshie—all three—
They're just as funny as they can be—
I'll hand them in on the sly."

A Senior there was, and a college girl, too,
(Even as you and I)
Who said, "Now, here's what we all will do:
We'll hand in our jokes, whether many or few,
To the *Quarterly* staff, in a day or two—
Our motto is, 'Do or Die.'"

J. M. B.

The Result

September 7.—School opens. Helen B. arrives with three packages of corn-plasters. All halls were full and College was Fuller when Irene arrived.

September 10.—Who's Who party. Rose Kopf wears a root upon her "Kopf" and draws first prize. New girls learn the meaning of the word "crush."

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

September 24.—Y.W.C.A. reception.
September 26.—College Crowd to Savanna in "auto-bus." A "pushing" crowd, nicht wahr?

September 27.—Senior colors flying jauntily from the laundry smoke-stack at 6 A.M. First seen by the Juniors on their way to breakfast. Fifteen minutes for breakfast. Great excitement during meal. Freshmen and Junior meetings interrupted. Several unsuspecting Juniors kidnaped by Seniors. The plot thickens. Junior line-up at 7:45. Grand rush for the colors. General alarm. Freshmen arrive with rake-and-ladder department. Gallant Juniors climb to top of laundry. Seniors confiscate ladders immediately afterward. Second general alarm. The Dean comes and goes. Grand melée. Where, oh, where are old rose and silver?

September 30.—Don reads Skinny's diary.

SKINNY: "That'll do, Johnny. It's getting too personal."

DON: "Aw, Bobbie, I'm only reading about the color rush."

SKINNY: "Well, if you read much farther, you'll make the 'color rush' to my face."

October 3.—College Crowd hold a mock-wedding. The hour arrives and bride cannot be found. Bridegroom distracted. Guests in an uproar. Chief Detective Coop on the trail. Bride discovered, a prisoner of the Klu Klux Klan. Ransomed. Wedding festivities an hour later.

October 27.—The first snow. Our California Kate expects snowflakes as large as tennis balls. Greatly disappointed in her first snowstorm.

October 28.—English III writes poems on "Snow." Gladys W.'s masterpiece:

Snow, snow, beautiful snow,

Step on a hunk and away you go.

October 29.—Hallowe'en Prom. Junior Brownies do it up brown. Unique costumes. Moon rises on the Freshman extra. Orchestra imported from Savanna.

October 31.—Hallowe'en proper—improperly celebrated.

November 2-9.—College girls requested to make up lost sleep by retiring at 9:15 P.M.

November 23.—"Tin-ear" announces her arrival by a cheerful giggle. She also brings "June" to us in November.

November 24.—Thanksgiving. Annual basket-ball game. "Rah! Rah! for our side." Three hours for dinner and toasts.

Question by Dean McK.: "What do we need to improve the school?"

Answer by girls in unison: "Boys."

November 29.—Don ostracized from Hathaway until Christmas. Skinny goes "West" to seek her fortune.

December 1.—Slippery weather. Lida falls five times.

December 2.—L. Hirsch announces that there are only 1,123,200 seconds until vacation.

December 5.—Glee Club girls and others make cherry blossoms for concert.

December 8.—Bitterly cold morning.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Norm (from underneath the blankets at 6:30 A.M.): "Help! Help! Help!"

The Proctor (rushing in frantically): "What's the matter?"

Norm (yawning): "Oh, nothing. Please close the window."

December 10.—Kate and Win invent means of closing window and pulling on light without rising. No patent. College Hall adopts schemes universally.

December 14.—Only 86,400 seconds more.

December 15.—Xmas vacation begins.

L. Hirsch (at station, as train pulls in): "Only one second more till we leave, girls!"

January 4.—School reopens. Vacation over. Those studiously inclined begin to cram for exams.

January 9.—Eva and Marie B. send poems to *Munsey's* and the *Red Book*. Eva plans how she'll spend her money.

January 13.—Poems returned.

January 18.—Midnight-oil burned by those who are not studiously inclined.

January 19-21.—Exams. "On paper now must be all things I knew—and many that I didn't, too."

January 23.—Celestine Dahmen (alias Heavenly Demon) arrives.

Celestine (to her mother): "Who was the lady next to me at dinner to-night?"

Mrs. D.: "Why, that was Mrs. McKee."

Celestine: "Then *who* is Frances Shimer?"

January 30.—Bangs appear. Celestine writes home for permission to acquire the same.

January 31.—Bright lights in Hathaway quenched. Other "bright lights" squelched.

February 1.—Study Hall begins.

February 4.—*Translations heard in different classes*:

"And so, he separated."

"The two twins—"

"The Meuse River flew into the ocean."

"The dog bit the man on the hind leg."

"The sound of voices is heard and a great whaling of infants on the threshold."

Heard in Ancient History:

"The Persians rose because they were in the (y)east."

Heard in English II:

Margaret M. (giving an example of metaphor): "Marriage is the alarm-clock of love's young dream."

Extracts from English themes: "We caught clams in the mud with our toes for fish bait."

"Her eyes can look *croquettish* and frank at the same time."

"Shakespeare's death occurred on the same day as his birth."

"The poems of the English Helicon treat of love. Besides the fascinating subject-matter the rhyme is very good."

Heard in Bible:

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Teacher: "How is it known that the apostle Paul was educated?"

Pupil: "Paul was known to have been at Ephesus [F.S.S.]"

February 6.—Weekly cleaning day. Crane in need of a bucket. "Willy" volunteers to turn pale (pail).

February 14.—Ann gets a Valentine—"Your coming 'fords me pleasure."

February 22.—Half-holiday. Girls learn that Washington did tell a lie. Cherry pie served at dinner. 2,500 pits estimated. What a pit-y!

March 1.—Comes in like a lamb. Mumps also arrive. Several girls become quite "cheeky."

March 3.—Lida to Ann: "Whose ring are you wearing? Oh, I. C.!"

March 10.—Physics class begins "Sound." Norm learns how to make noise.

March 17. Girls celebrate by wearing the usual Freshman color.

March 22.—Celestine's puppy-dog, William Dahmen, Jr., dies. His owner quite overcome.

March 24.—Spring vacation begins.

April 5.—Everybody back. Those not studiously inclined resolve to make one supreme effort.

April 6.—William Dahmen, Jr.'s, epitaph appears on West Hall bulletin board:

Wm. Dahmen, Jr., died and went to Heaven,
On March the twenty-second, nineteen hundred 'leven.
His wool was soft, like cotton.
He is gone, but not forgotten.
His mistress, she doth sadly weep,
As he sowed, so shall he reap.

April 7.—Sign posted, "No dogs but Towser and Nig allowed on the campus." Teddy, Irene's toy bull-dog, commits suicide.

April 17.—Eve and Coop receive a Morri-doo for waving at West Hall out of their windows after dark. "You have only one hour and fifteen minutes left."

April 19.—Franc "Johnson" answers roll call at gym.

April 23.—*Quarterly* material "all in." Poor Billy S.! We forgot to put in a joke about her.

The Scattered Family

Miss Dana Wilcox, '10, is studying at Drake University, Des Moines, Ia.

Miss Mabel M. Zigler, '04, is now in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 109 Park Court.

Miss Eva Holman, '01, is spending the year at her home in Mount Carroll.

Miss Winifred Munroe is in her junior year at the University of Chicago.

The address of Mrs. Zella Cook von Boenigk, '04, is 3059 Montrose Avenue, Chicago.

Miss Ethel M. Howlett is attending school this year at Heidelberg University, Tiffin, Ohio.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Mrs. Lola Speakman Taylor, '03, renews her subscription and writes that she enjoys the *Quarterly*.

Miss Helen M. Welsh, class of '09, writes from Boone, Iowa, inclosing subscription for the *Quarterly*.

News was received recently of the marriage of Beatrice Drenner, '09, to Forest Hawk of Lanark, Ill.

Miss Edwina Myers, '08, spent a week in Mount Carroll in March and visited the School several times.

Miss Abbie L. Bosworth of 715 Highland Avenue, Elgin, Ill., renews her subscription to the *Quarterly*.

Mrs. Ada Bailey Taylor, a student of the Seminary, visited Mount Carroll in February. Her home is in Canada.

News of the death of Mrs. Mae Loeffler Jones of Chicago, a pupil here some years ago, reached the school recently.

The eldest daughter of Mrs. Stella Waite Hoover entered the University of Chicago at the beginning of the spring quarter.

Miss Izelle Emery, '05, is at present teaching in Los Angeles, Cal., where her sister, Mrs. Blanche Emery Burnell, resides.

Miss Virginia Dox of Hartford, Conn., class of '75, writes that she considers the *Quarterly* a most interesting magazine.

Miss Edna Ames, '00, is instructor of typewriting, penmanship, and music in the High School at Chicago Heights, Ill.

Miss Fern Waffle, '10, is studying music at Coe College, and is glad to hear of her school friends through the *Quarterly*.

Miss Sarah Hostetter of the class of '78 has recently visited her niece, Mrs. Adaline Hostetter Bjorkquist, in Duluth, Minn.

A letter from Mrs. Grace Eberts Everitt, Scottsburg, Indiana, tells of an eight-pound boy which came to them on March 12.

Mrs. Dora Appleby Carson, a student here in 1901-2, resides at Boone, Iowa, where Mr. Carson is a contracting civil engineer.

Miss Myrtle D. Francis is head of the Domestic Science Department in the State Normal School at River Falls, Wis., this year.

Mrs. Edna Dunshee Mann of Chicago, class of '91, sends subscription and says that she does not want to miss a copy of the *Quarterly*.

Mrs. Mary Hazelton Orcutt, '02, of Omaha, Neb., with her husband, spent a day at the School in February, on their way to Chicago.

Miss Grace Merriman, '10, is now attending a Musical College at Dixon, Ill., her home. She spent from July till Christmas in the West.

Mrs. Robert Moore sends her subscription from Los Angeles, Cal., where she is spending the winter with her son, Robert, and wife.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer, '71, in sending her subscription, says: "Thank you for the reminder. I could not do without the *Quarterly*."

Mrs. Hazel Caldwell Stainback lives in Chicago, where her husband is studying, as does Margaret Clingen, who, we understand, is also married.

Mrs. Sarah F. Stewart, Minneapolis, Minn., a student of the Seminary, writes that she is planning to attend Commencement, if her work will permit.

Miss Myrtle Lewis, '09, is at present traveling as advertiser for the Listman Mill Co., La Crosse, Wis. She covers the state of Iowa and enjoys her work.

Miss Nellie Foster, '97, instructor in vocal music in Wesleyan College, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, reports a pleasant trip with her Glee Club of eighteen young men.

Mrs. Ruth Deets Miller, '03, Sunnyside, Washington, writes that she looks forward to the arrival of the *Quarterly* with as much enthusiasm as to the coming of the "home" paper.

Mrs. Neva Davis Scott writes interestingly of her life in Belfast, Ireland, where her husband is a prominent banker. She has one child, Stewart Davis Warren Scott, aged four years.

Classmates and other friends will sympathize with Mrs. Edith Weber Tims, '99, in the death of her husband last May. Dr. Tims was a prominent young physician in Tama, Iowa.

Mrs. Alice Briggs Duer of Denver, Colo., '69, expresses enjoyment of the *Quarterly* and wishes that she might get in touch with more of the old girls of the times from 1865-69.

A letter from Miss Marie Weyrauch tells of her enjoyment of the *Quarterly*, and that she considers that the two years spent here did her more good than any other school that she attended.

Announcement of the marriage of Frances Emily Walker to Mr. Timothy J. Clarke on February 16, at Grand Mound, Iowa, has been received. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke are at home at Calamus, Iowa.

Mrs. Edna Appleby Schultz, '97, visited the school in January, when she entered her step-daughter, Lenore Schultz, as a pupil. Mr. and Mrs. Schultz have spent the winter traveling in the Southwest.

Mrs. Fannie Bartholomew Bailey, president of the Twin City Frances Shimer School Club, renews her subscription and sends the address of her eldest daughter, Florence Bailey Farnsworth, as St. Charles, S.D.

Mrs. Anna Davis Durlacher, '05, graduates from the Columbia College of Expression in May. She speaks of the literary value of the *Quarterly* as surprising, and says that the happy atmosphere of it speaks volumes for the school.

Mrs. Blanche Yule Thom, '04, now resides in North Bend, Nebraska.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

She writes of her three children, and of meeting Althea Purcell Sumner, '07, who is now living in Boise, Idaho. Her sister, Mrs. Edith Yule Jensen, is at Somers, Wis.

Miss Mary Angeline Gillmore, '03, finished her work at the Chicago Training School and sailed for Nanking, China, on April 18, where she has accepted the position of secretary for Mr. Bowen, president of the University of Nanking, a Union Mission College for Chinese.

Mrs. Sawyer read before the State Historical Society of Nebraska a brilliant and exhaustive review of woman's work in Nebraska at a recent meeting. It is hoped that space may be found in the June issue of the *Quarterly* for some generous extracts from this paper.

On February 20th, Mrs. Lillian Hamblen Garst, '84, with her husband, Thomas B. Garst, and Miss Blanche Strong, '76, all of Chicago, gave a recital at the School, which was largely attended, especially by old students. Mrs. Madge Myers Hyslop, '84, Chicago, was the accompanist.

Mrs. Mary Gould Brooke of Eaton, Ohio, writes of unexpectedly meeting Mrs. Anna Tewksbury McKeon last fall in the Boston library. Mrs. McKeon was a pupil in the Seminary in '78-79. Her present address is 390 West End Ave., New York City.

Mrs. Frances Maud Shirk Hogg, class of '97, Westwood, N.J., writes an interesting letter concerning her family, a picture of which appears on another page, and says that if they return to the West to live, that all of her girls shall attend the Frances Shimer School.

Miss Marie R. Hofer, '87, now of the Teachers College, Columbia University, spoke on "The Influence of Art Reproductions on the Home" at the Eighth General Convention of the Religious Education Association held in Providence, R.I., February 14-16, 1911.

Miss Blanche B. Phillips, '05, writes that she has been in Hood River, Oregon, since her graduation from the University of Wisconsin in 1909, and that she has just recently returned from a delightful trip abroad, during which she visited most of the European countries on the continent.

Miss Louise Stevens, '06, is teaching Expression this year in Wichita College of Music, Wichita, Kansas. The school has an enrolment of over 300 students. Miss Stevens has entire charge of the Department and of a Dramatic Club, which is divided into two sections, each working on a play.

The following is clipped from the Eaton, Ohio, *Register*: "Last Saturday afternoon, February 4, Miss Edith Gould entertained very pleasantly with a piano recital given by twenty-five of her older pupils. It is said to be one of the most delightful ever given." Miss Gould is Treasurer of the Eaton Music Study Club.

Miss Margaret Munroe writes that she is keeping house since the death of her mother. She expects to re-enter the University of Chicago the spring

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

quarter to resume the work she gave up on account of the illness of her mother. She speaks of a visit at Christmas time to the home of Mrs. Josephine Woost Bearden, Pekin, Ill.

Miss Martha Powell of Sutherland, Iowa, renews her subscription and hopes that the subscription list may reach four hundred. She also states that Isabella Shirk, a pupil of this year, was formerly a student of the Sutherland High School. In closing she adds that she is proud of the *Quarterly* and does not see how it could be improved.

Mrs. Mary Calkins Chassell, '84, Des Moines, Iowa, writes of meeting Miss Edna Lyman, author of "Story Telling—What to Tell and How to Tell It," and discovering that she is the daughter of Mrs. Frankie Snow Lyman, a graduate of the Seminary in the class of '64. Miss Lyman was at the time the guest of the Iowa Press and Authors' Club.

Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke Boyd, '84, Educational Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary for the Diocese of Kansas, was elected Vice-President of the Kansas State Music Teachers Association. She sends subscription from her home in Newton, Kansas, and hopes that the number of subscribers may increase sufficiently to justify the issuing of an additional number.

Mrs. A. J. Sawyer of the class of '71 has sent out invitations to all the members of her class to take dinner with her and Mr. Sawyer and other friends in College Hall on Tuesday, the 6th day of June, in connection with the Commencement exercises. The next issue of the *Quarterly* will contain an account of this, which promises to be an event of exceptional interest.

Mrs. Mabel Booth Brewer, '94, writes from Bozeman, Montana, that she has discovered an old Seminary student in Bozeman, Mrs. Minnie Margaret Payne Griffin, who is keeping house for her son, one of the instructors in the Montana State College of Agriculture. Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. Griffin both belong to the Woman's Club, and the former has been studying pipe organ.

Mrs. Rena Eckern Melgaard of the class of 1900, Thief River Falls, Minn., writes a pleasant letter concerning her three children, and inquires specially of some of the teachers she knew: Miss Weller, who has been in the State Normal School at Dekalb; Miss Tunnell, who has recently been heard from in Colorado; and Miss Blaine, who is now at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

Mrs. Pauline Haward Kreuter, '05, writes from 5033 Monte Vista Street, Los Angeles, Cal., that they are delighted with California and intend making it their home. She speaks of her little daughter, Julia, twenty months old, whom she expects some day to send to Frances Shimer, and of correspondence with and visits from Irene Jones, Alice White Dwelle, Elsie Comstock, and Janet Shively.

Mrs. Eva Calkins Briggs, '81, Secretary of the Twin City Frances Shimer School Club, writes of interesting meetings held with Mrs. Gertrude Everington Moore, Miss Helen Hewitt, and Mrs. Fannie Bartholomew Bailey. At the annual meeting held with Mrs. Helen Graham Holmes, February 19th,

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Fannie Bartholomew Bailey; Vice-presidents, Miss Helen Hewitt, Mrs. Ella Straight Gregory, Mrs. Ida Worden Cherry; Secretary, Mrs. Elva Calkins Briggs; Treasurer, Mrs. Helen Graham Holmes. Among latest club attendants have been Miss Clara Shaw, Mrs. Louise Baker Ellis, Mrs. Belle Hutchinson Cochran, and Mrs. Ada Bailey Taylor of Canada.

Since the last issue of the *Quarterly*, the papers have announced the death of Major H. A. Rust, who for many years was a trustee of this institution. He made many visits to Mount Carroll, and attended meetings of the Board in Chicago, and went into detail with regard to building operations, especially in connection with the stress and strain after the fire, as few men were able to do. He was an acquaintance of long standing with the Chicago men of the Board, but he endeared himself to men and women of Mt. Carroll who were with him on the Board, by his devotion to the interests of the School. He has not been a member of the Board for some years, but he never failed when meeting the Dean in Chicago to make detailed inquiries concerning its progress and to express his affectionate interest in its work.

